

MASTER OF
KUNG FU

MARVEL COMICS GROUPTM



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02449



THE HANDS OF SHANG-CHI, MASTER OF KUNG FU

MARTIAL-ARTS MAGIC AT ITS VERY BEST!

DEATH-HAND!

ALL YOUR *KUNG-FU*
TRICKS WON'T HELP YOU
SAVE THAT GIRL,
CHINA-MAN!

HER SANDS
OF TIME HAVE
RUN OUT!



"Call me Shang-Chi, as my **father** did, when he raised me and molded my mind and my body in the vacuum of his Honan, China retreat. I learned many things from my father: That my name means "The Rising and Advancing of a Spirit," that my body could be forged into a living weapon. Since then, I have learned that my father is **Dr. Fu Manchu** the most insidiously evil man on earth...and that to **honor** him would bring nothing but **dishonor** to the spirit of my **name**.

Stan Lee
PRESENTS: **MASTER OF KUNG FU!**™

DEATH-HAND AND THE SUN OF MORDILLO

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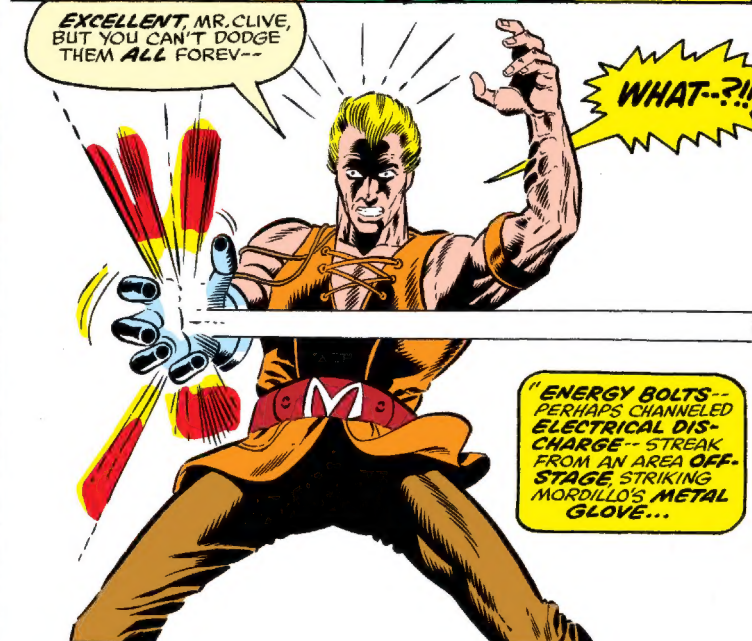
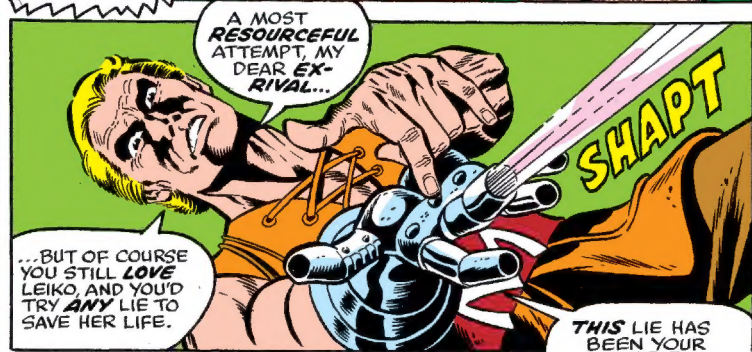
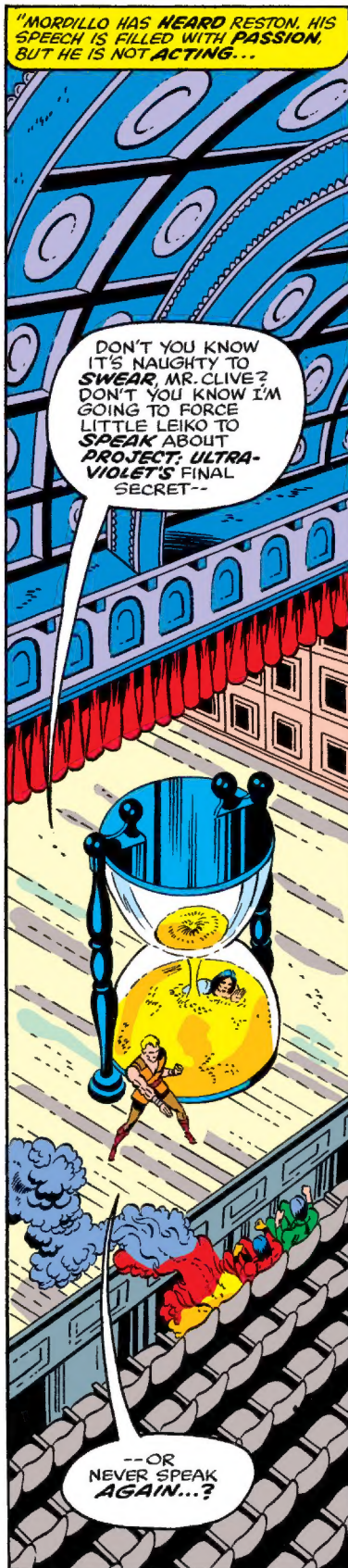
"A THEATER OF DEATH
ON AN ISLAND WHICH IS
THE CENTER OF A
MADMAN'S CROWN--

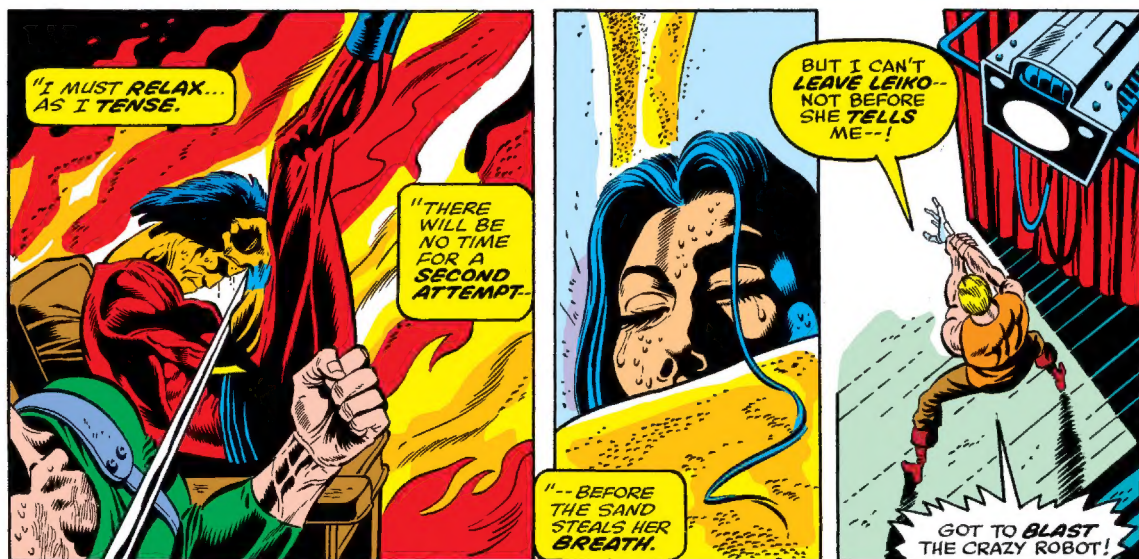
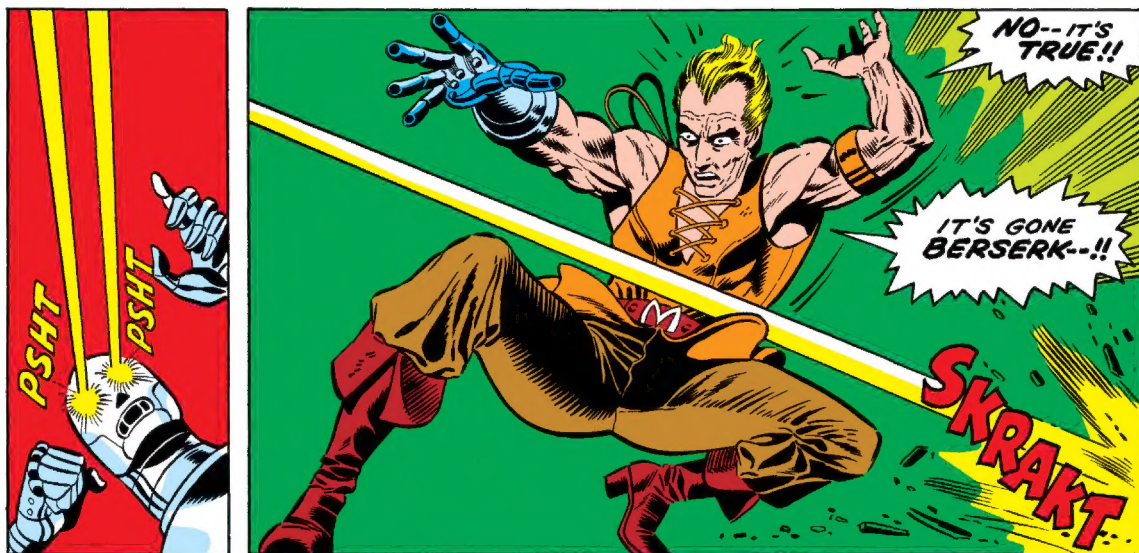
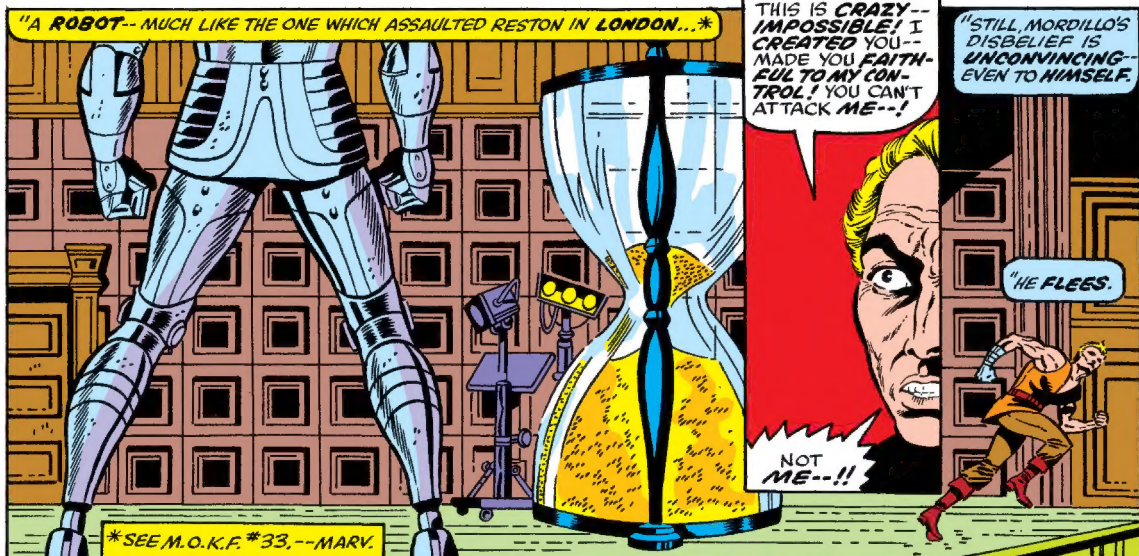
"THE SAND
CLIMBS ITSELF
HIGHER,
CLOSER TOWARD
THE SPACE
FILLED WITH
LEIKO'S BREATH.

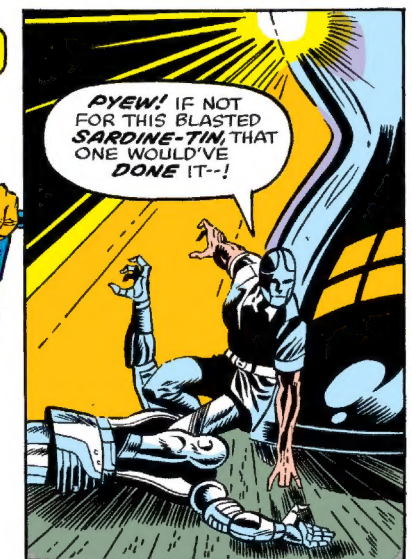
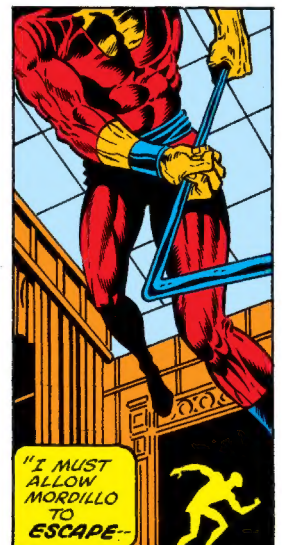
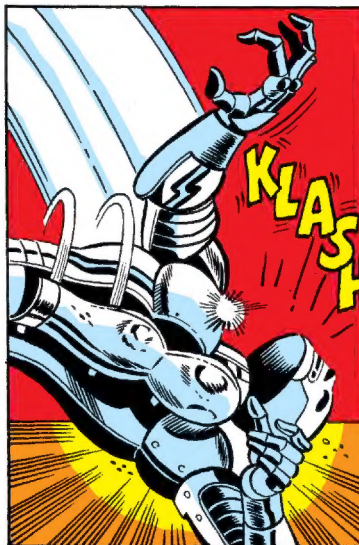
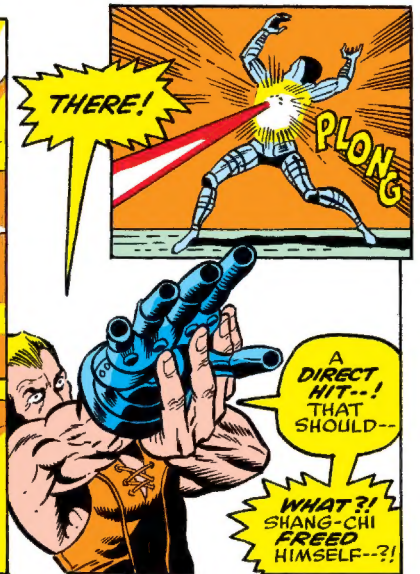
YOU COST ME
A MILLION BY
MURDERING VELCRO.
SHANG-CHI! MY
REVENGE WILL
OCCUPY A MILLION
SECONDS OF
YOUR PAIN--!!

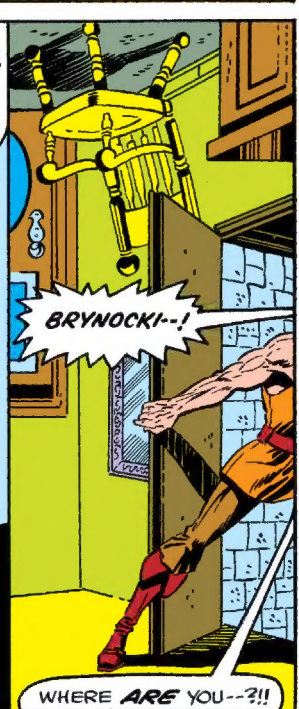
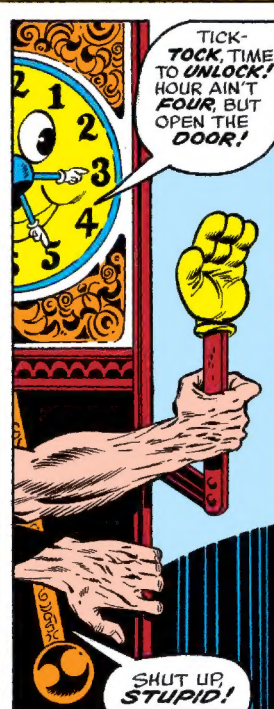
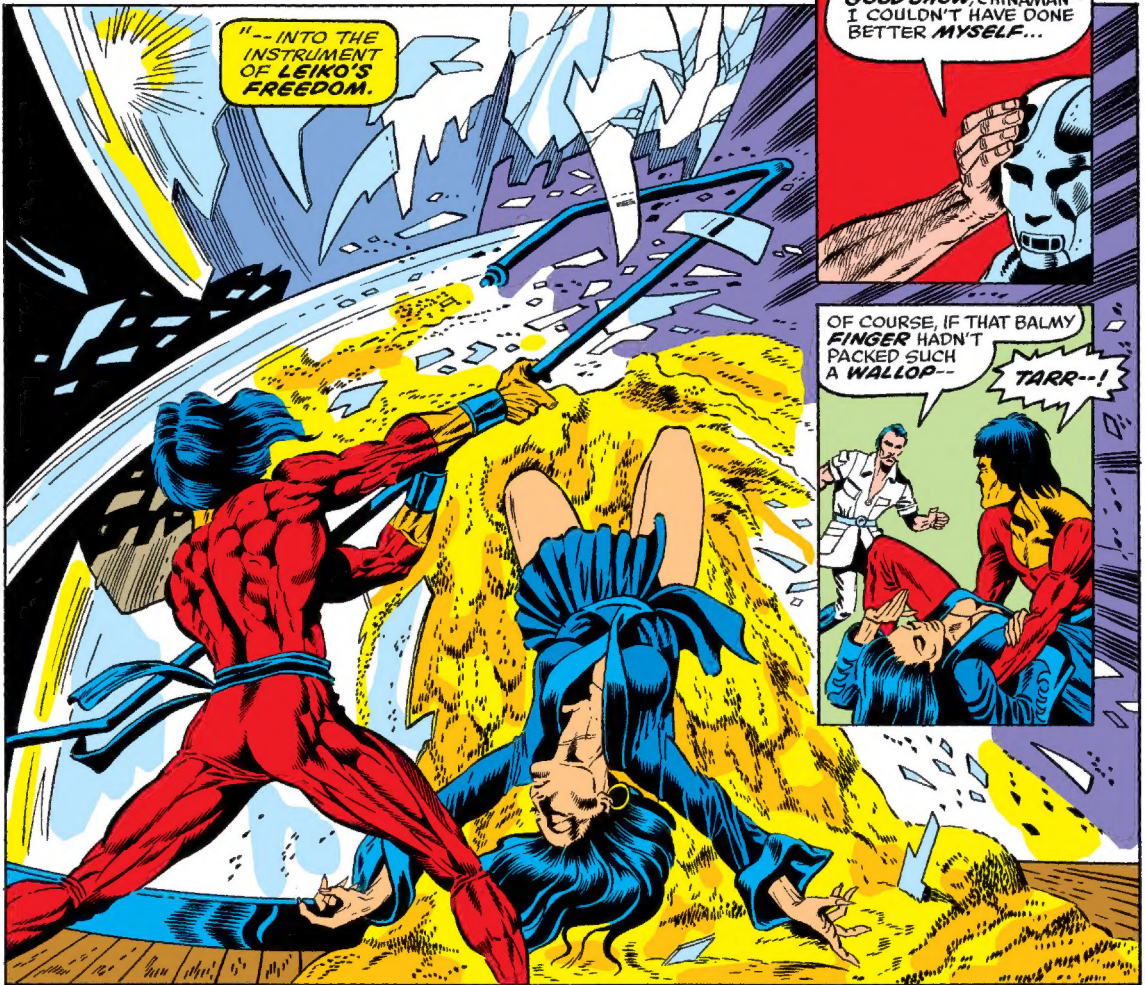
"MORDILLO'S HAND,
LIKE THE MAN HIM-
SELF IS INSANE.
IT SPURTS FIRE.

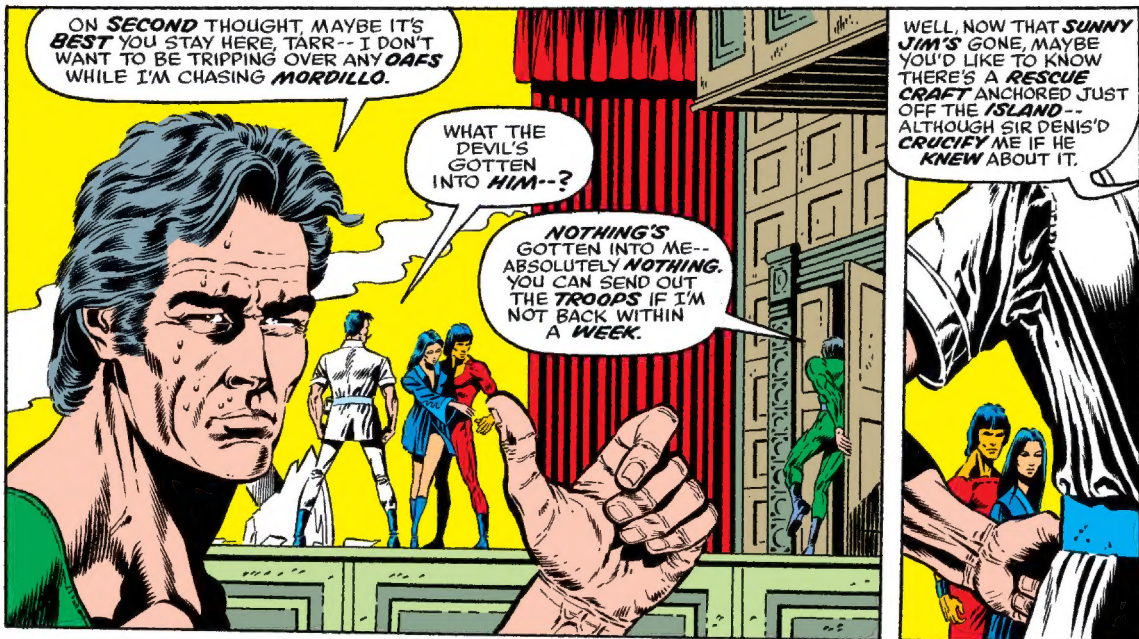
"THE SEAT NEXT TO MINE IGNITES,
BUT THE BAR IS TOO STRONG--
WE CANNOT MOVE. THROUGH
CLENCHED TEETH, CLIVE RESTON
SNARLS AN OBSCENITY.











ON **SECOND** THOUGHT, MAYBE IT'S **BEST** YOU STAY HERE, TARR-- I DON'T WANT TO BE TRIPPING OVER ANY **OAFS** WHILE I'M CHASING **MORDILLO**.

WHAT THE DEVIL'S GOTTEN INTO **HIM**--?

NOTHING'S GOTTEN INTO ME-- ABSOLUTELY **NOTHING**. YOU CAN SEND OUT THE **TROOPS** IF I'M NOT BACK WITHIN A **WEEK**.

WELL, NOW THAT **SUNNY JIM'S** GONE, MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW THERE'S A **RESCUE CRAFT** ANCHORED JUST OFF THE **ISLAND**-- ALTHOUGH SIR DENIS'D **CRUCIFY** ME IF HE **KNEW** ABOUT IT.



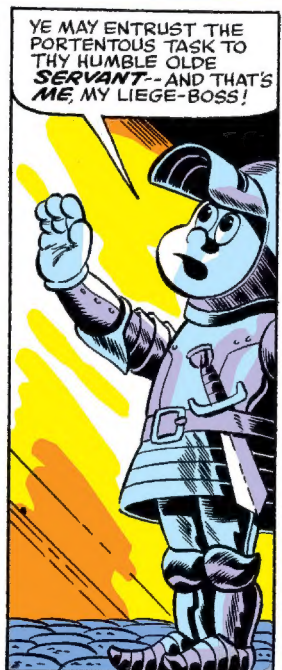
BRYNOCKI--! ARE YOU **HERE**--?

I WANT YOU TO PREPARE THE **TUBE-EXPRESS** FOR IMMEDIATE TRANSPORT TO THE **DOOM DOME**...!



IN THE **MEANTIME**, I MUST ADDRESS THE FAIR LADY OF THE **TOWER**.

I'LL MEET YOU IN THE **TUBE** WITHIN TEN MINUTES.



YE MAY ENTRUST THE PORTENTOUS TASK TO THY HUMBLE OLDE **SERVANT**-- AND THAT'S **ME**, MY LIEGE-BOSS!



"IN RELIEF--? **LEIKO EMBRACES** ME, HER BREATH AGAIN **SHALLOW**, SOFTLY MURMURING WORDS OF GRATITUDE, TARR SAYS **NOTHING**... THOUGH I HAVE SEEN HIS EYES GROW **NARROW**. HE HAS KNOWN RESTON **LONGER** THAN I HAVE...



MIGHT AS WELL GO BACK TO **CHI** AND THE OTHERS-- NOT A **SIGN** OF THE BLOODY **LUNATIC**...

BUT THIS IS A **DEAD-END**. WHERE COULD HE HAVE **GONE**...?

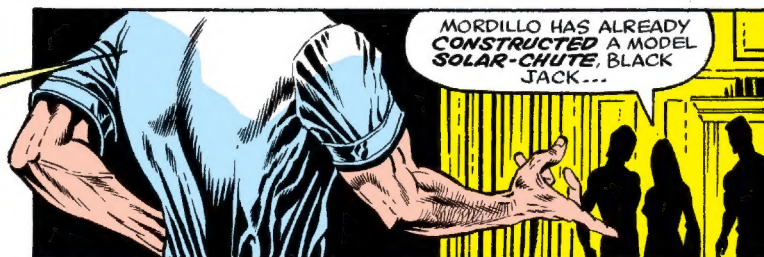


"RESTON RETURNS, HIS **PACE RAPID...**"



"IT IS **TARR** WHO BREAKS THE **TENSION...**"

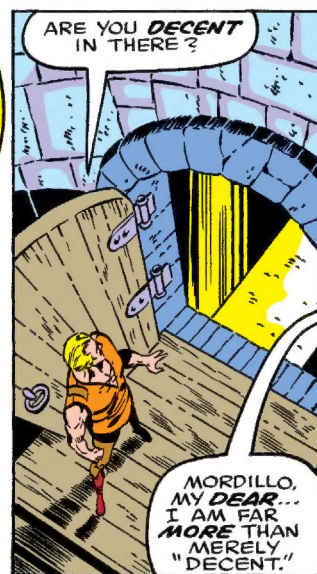
NO TIME FOR **SARCASM**, RESTON. WE'VE GOTTA FIGURE OUT OUR **NEXT MOVE**. WHAT'S THE **DOPE**, LEIKO?



HE'S CONVINCED MY MEMORY HOLDS THE FINAL "KEY" TO MAKE THE MACHINE **OPERATE** PERFECTLY-- AND HE **NEEDS** THAT KEY TO GRANT THE CHUTE **PRECISION FOCUSING** ABILITY ON SPECIFIC **GROUND-TARGETS**.

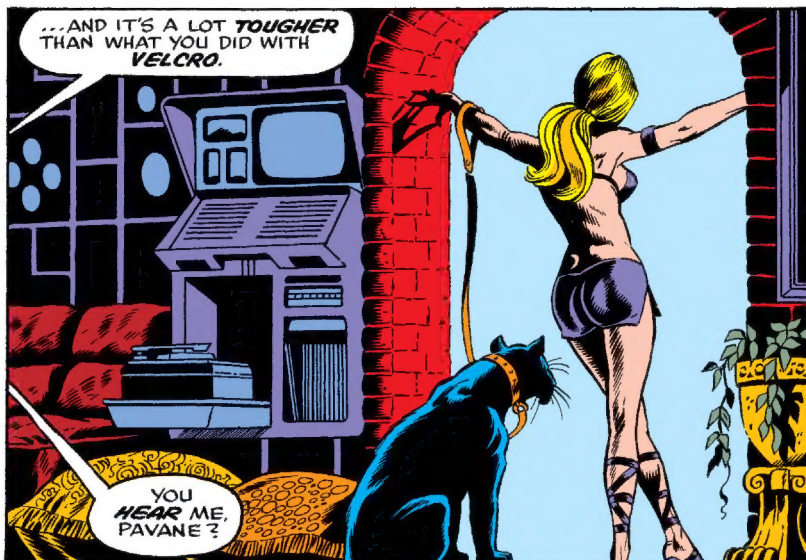
HOWEVER, HE CLAIMS HIS WORKING MODEL FUNCTIONS WELL ENOUGH TO DIRECT **HIGH-INTENSITY ULTRA-VIOLET RADIATION** OVER LARGE, **NONSPECIFIC AREAS**.

THEREFORE, I SUGGEST WE **DESTROY** THE **SOLAR-CHUTE...** OR AT LEAST PREVENT MORDILLO FROM **USING IT**.





WELL, I'M COMING *IN*, THEN. I WANT YOU TO DO A **JOB** WHILE I GET OVER TO THE **DOME**...



...AND IT'S A LOT **TOUGHER** THAN WHAT YOU DID WITH **VELCRO**.

YOU **HEAR** ME, PAVANE?



I... HEAR YOU.



WELL, THERE'S **TROUBLE** EVERYTHING'S GOING **WRONG**. YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THIS **SHANG-CHI** AND THE OTHERS. EVEN **LEIKO** GOT FREE.



AHH...YES... LEIKO...THE ONE YOU **LOVED**...



I NEVER **TOUCHED** HER! IT WAS **BRETNOR**--THE ONE **BRETNOR** LOVED.



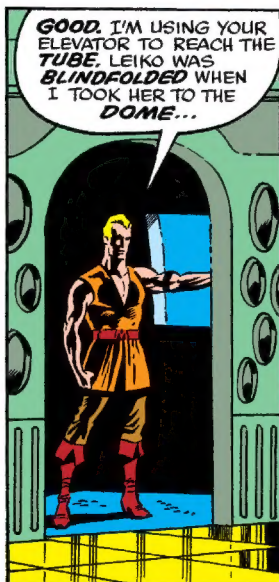
NEVERTHELESS **MORDILLO**... YOU WERE **BRETNOR**... SO YOU **DID** LOVE HER.



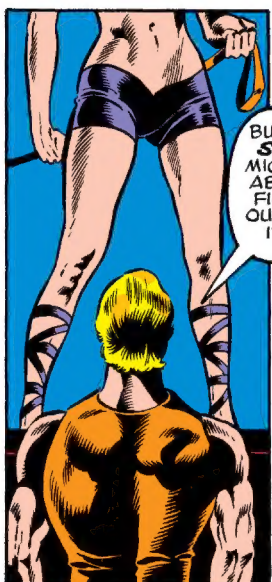
WELL, WHEN YOU PUT IT LIKE THAT... **YES**.



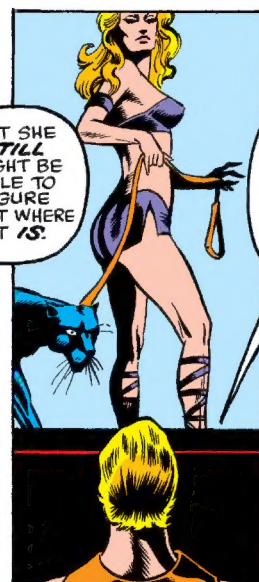
IN **THAT** CASE... IT WILL BE A **PLEASURE** TO DESTROY HER.



GOOD. I'M USING YOUR ELEVATOR TO REACH THE **TUBE**. LEIKO WAS **BLINDFOLDED** WHEN I TOOK HER TO THE **DOME**...



BUT SHE **STILL** MIGHT BE ABLE TO FIGURE OUT WHERE IT **IS**.



GOOD FOR YOU... **MORDILLO**...

I'VE GOT TO **GET** THERE AND MOVE THE **SOLAR-CHUTE**--JUST IN **CASE**.

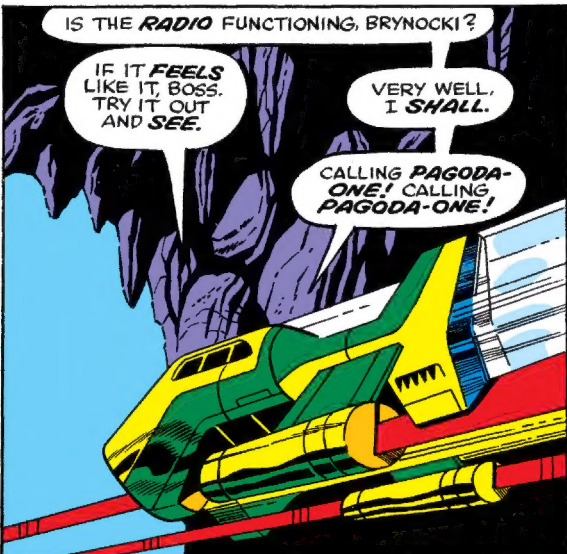
BYE!



BRYNOCKI--
IS IT READY?



ALL **ABOARD**, BOSS!
THE ENGINE'S ALL
STOKED AND **RARIN'**
TO GO!

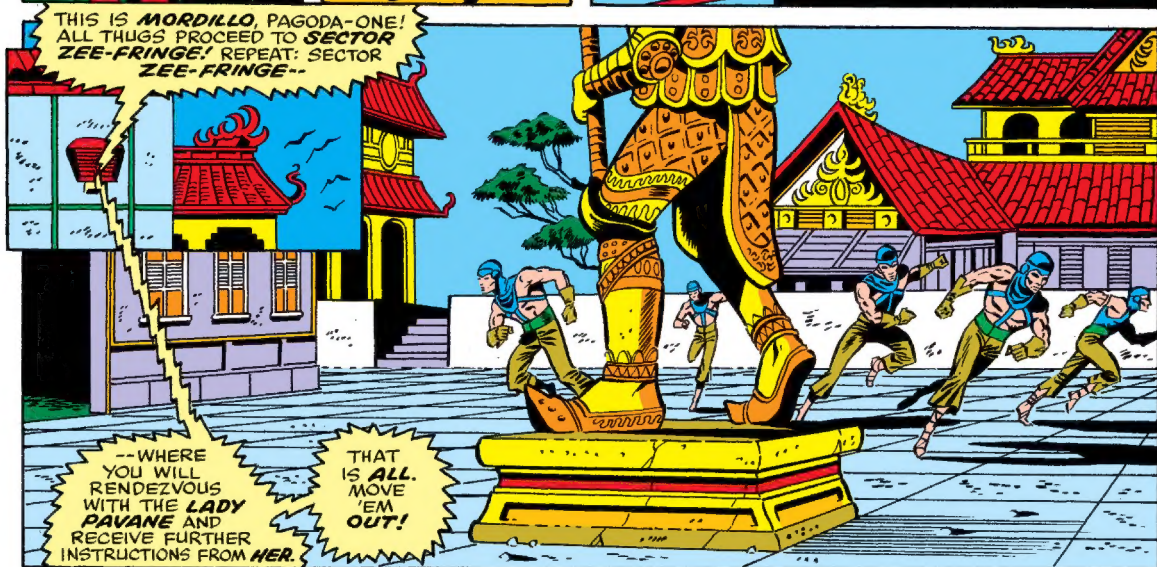


IS THE **RADIO** FUNCTIONING, BRYNOCKI?

IF IT **FEELS**
LIKE IT, BOSS.
TRY IT OUT
AND **SEE**.

VERY WELL,
I **SHALL**.

CALLING **PAGODA-ONE!**
CALLING **PAGODA-ONE!**



THIS IS **MORDILLO**, PAGODA-ONE!
ALL THUGS PROCEED TO **SECTOR**
ZEE-FRIDGE! REPEAT: **SECTOR**
ZEE-FRIDGE--

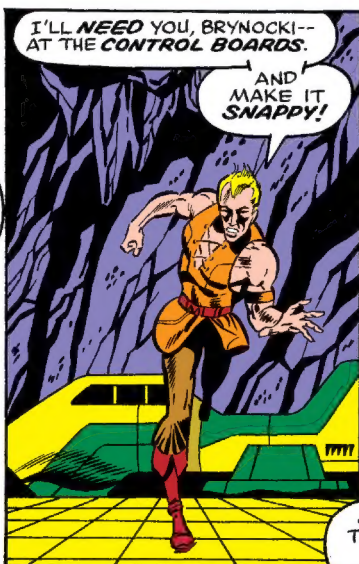
--WHERE
YOU WILL
RENDEZVOUS
WITH THE **LADY**
PAVANE AND
RECEIVE FURTHER
INSTRUCTIONS FROM **HER**.

THAT
IS **ALL**.
MOVE
'EM
OUT!



LAST STOP,
BOSS!

ALL OUT
FOR **TUBE-**
TERMINAL
DOOM-
DOME!



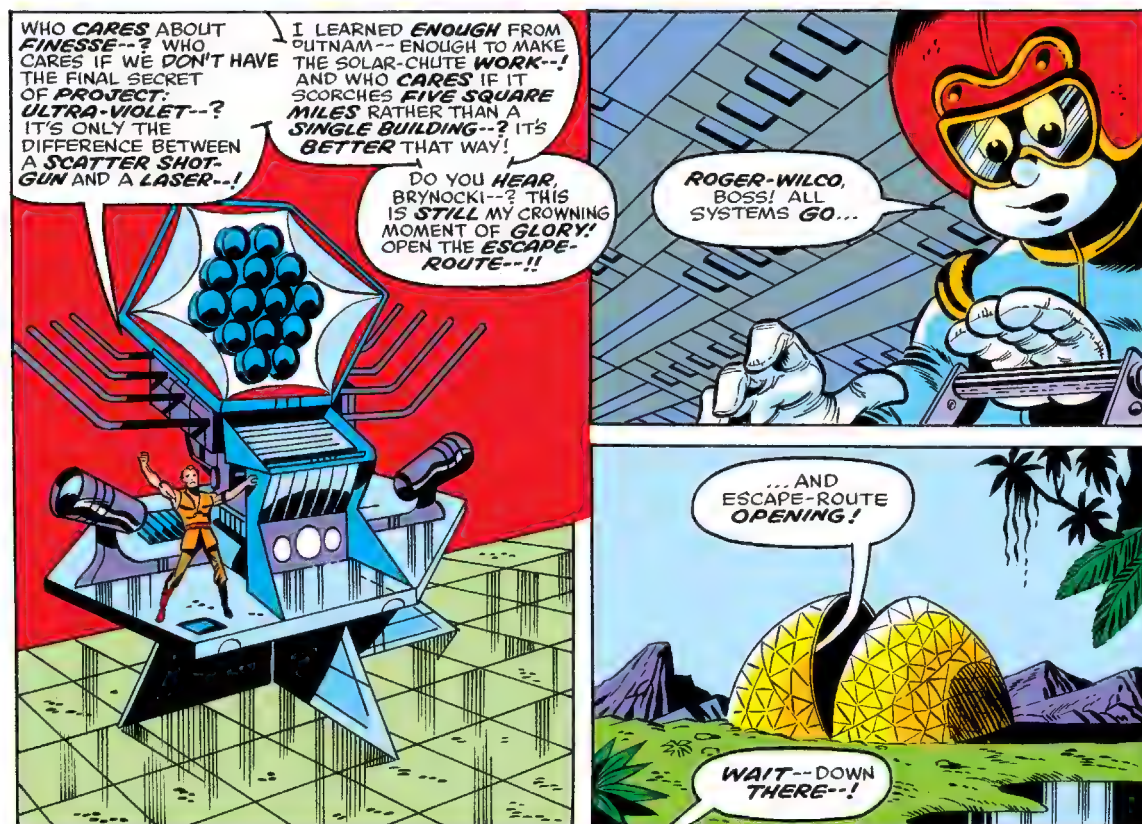
I'LL **NEED** YOU, BRYNOCKI--
AT THE **CONTROL BOARDS**.

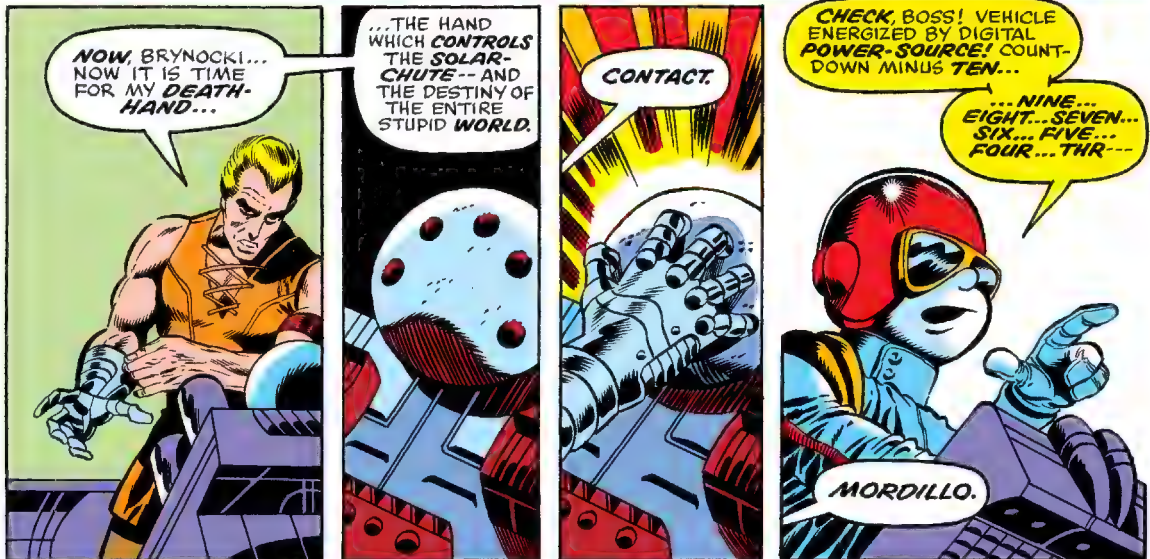
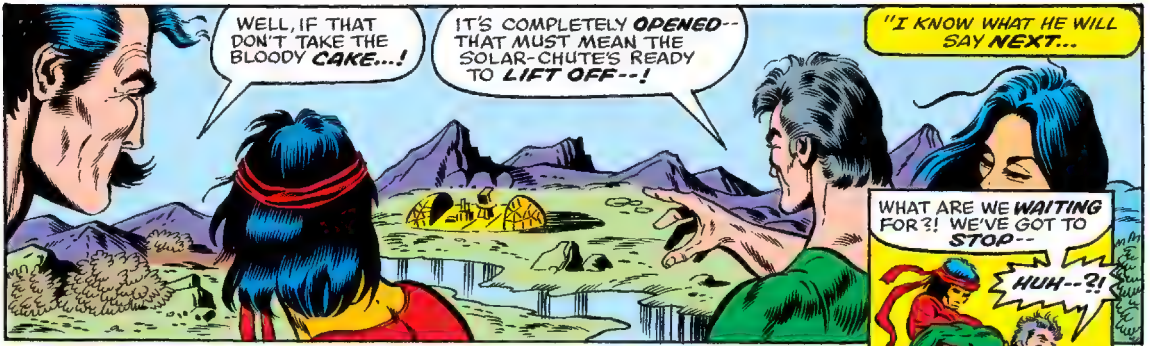
AND
MAKE IT
SNAPPY!

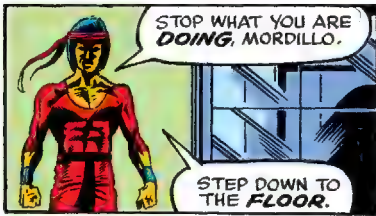


RIGHT
ON,
BOSS!

JUST GIMME
TIME TO CHANGE
MY **HAT!**







STOP WHAT YOU ARE DOING, MORDILLO.

STEP DOWN TO THE FLOOR.



YOU--?!! SHANG-CHI--!!



CHECK, BOSS-- IT'S HIM, ALRIGHT... AND JUST IN TIME FOR A COUNT-DOWN INTER-
RUPTUS!



NO! I WON'T GET DOWN!! THE RED CHINESE WILL PAY ME A MILLION-DOLLARS FOR THIS SOLAR-CHUTE-- I WON'T LET YOU DESTROY IT!!



AND I WILL NOT LET YOU DESTROY LIVES.



YEAH-- THE LIVES OF THOSE ON SMITH'S SIDE! BUT WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE--? IF THE RED CHINESE DON'T HAVE THE SOLAR-CHUTE, SMITH WILL!

WHAT DOES IT MATTER IF IT'S USED TO FRY BRITONS AND AMERICANS-- OR IF IT'S USED TO FRY CHINESE?! BESIDES, YOU'RE CHINESE YOURSELF--!

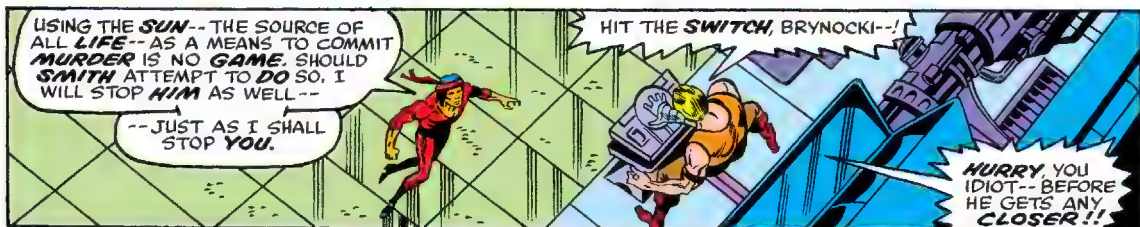


SMITH DOES NOT WISH TO KILL ANY CHINESE.



OH NO--? THEN WHY DID HE SAVE THE INFO BY PROGRAMMING IT INTO LEIKO'S BRAIN--? YOU'RE A FOOL! SMITH IS JUST AS BAD AS THE ONES I WORK FOR-- IT'S ALL A GAME!!

THE ONLY DIFFERENCE IS THAT I'M BEING PAID A MILLION TO PLAY AND YOU'RE BEING A SUCKER BY PLAYING FOR FREE--!

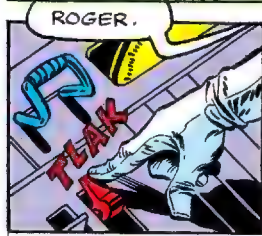


USING THE SUN-- THE SOURCE OF ALL LIFE-- AS A MEANS TO COMMIT MURDER IS NO GAME. SHOULD SMITH ATTEMPT TO DO SO, I WILL STOP HIM AS WELL--

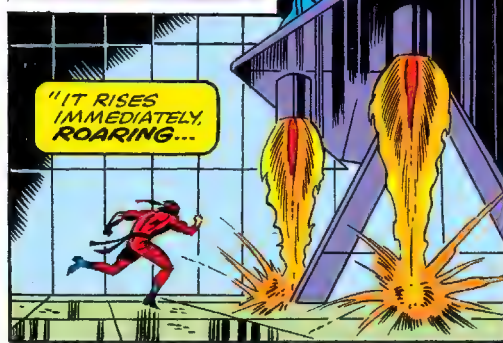
--JUST AS I SHALL STOP YOU.

HIT THE SWITCH, BRYNOCKI--!

HURRY, YOU IDIOT-- BEFORE HE GETS ANY CLOSER!!



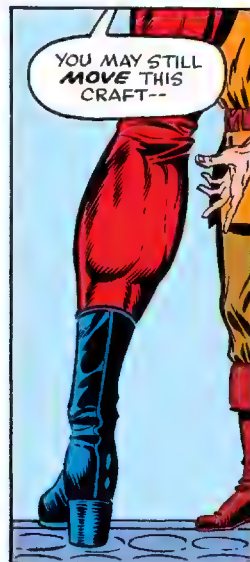
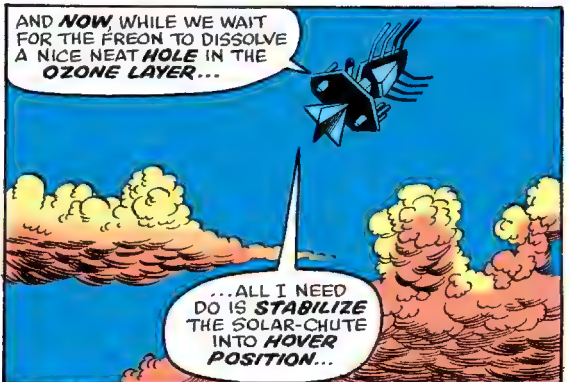
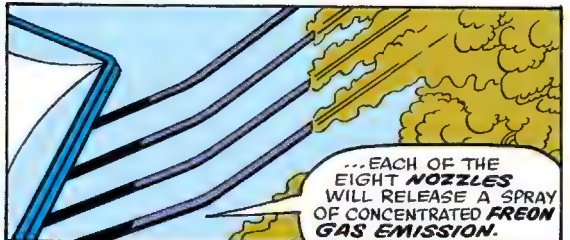
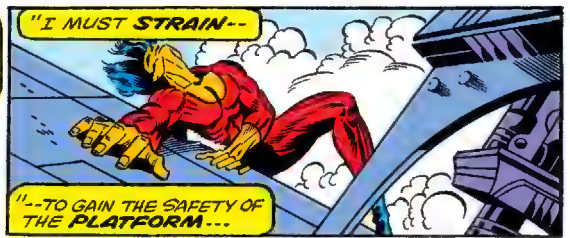
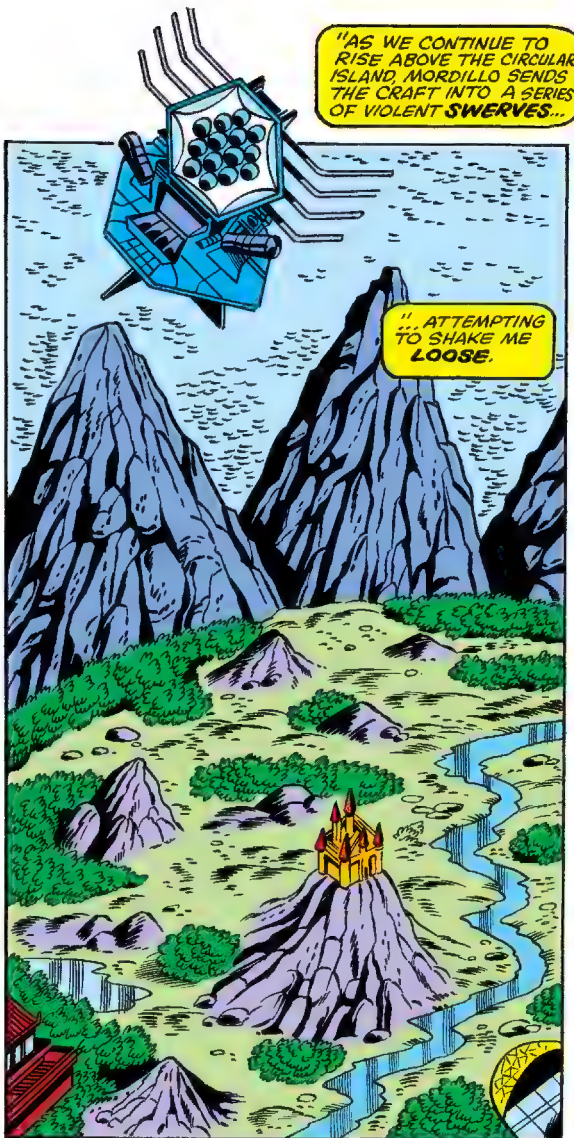
ROGER.

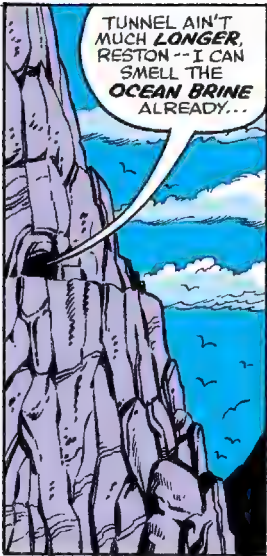


"IT RISES IMMEDIATELY, ROARING--"



"...AND TAKES ME HIGH."



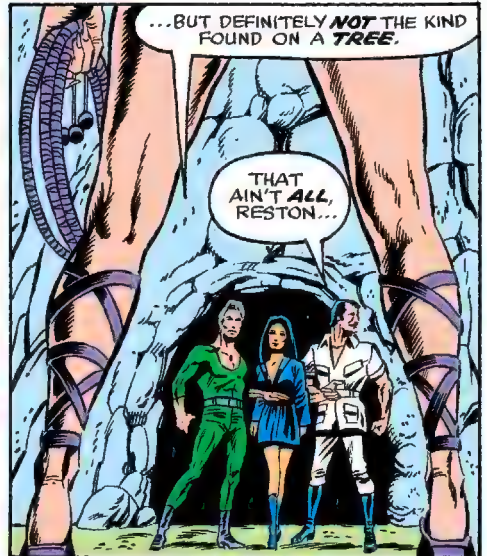


TUNNEL AIN'T MUCH **LONGER**, RESTON -- I CAN SMELL THE **OCEAN BRINE** ALREADY...



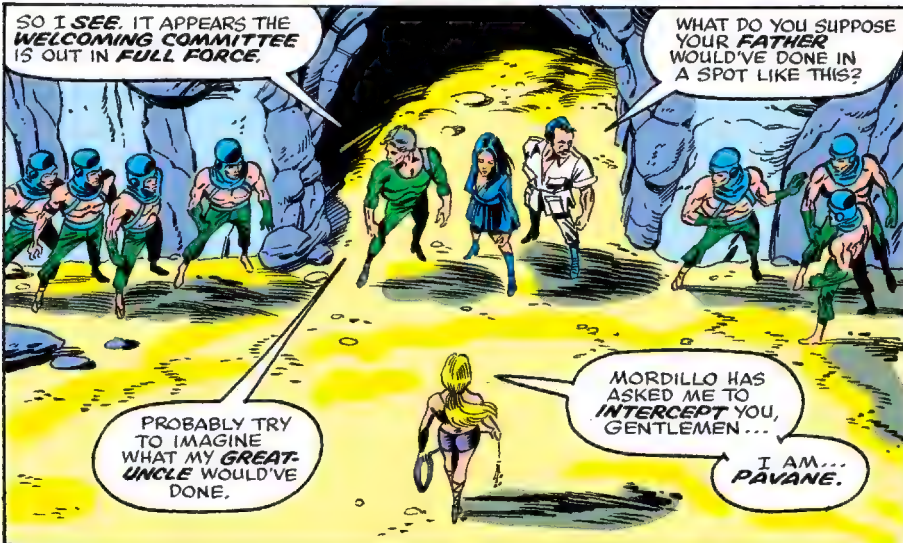
RIGHT, TARR, THERE'S **LIGHT** UP AHEAD... AND SOMETHING... **ELSE...**

LIMBS, I BELIEVE...



...BUT DEFINITELY **NOT** THE KIND FOUND ON A **TREE**.

THAT AIN'T **ALL**, RESTON...



SO I **SEE**. IT APPEARS THE **WELCOMING COMMITTEE** IS OUT IN **FULL FORCE**.

WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE YOUR **FATHER** WOULD'VE DONE IN A SPOT LIKE THIS?

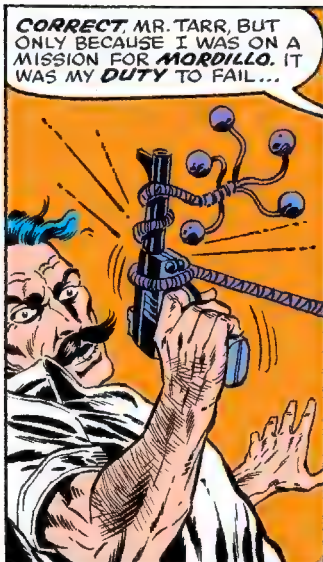
PROBABLY TRY TO IMAGINE WHAT MY **GREAT-UNCLE** WOULD'VE DONE.

MORDILLO HAS ASKED ME TO **INTERCEPT** YOU, GENTLEMEN...

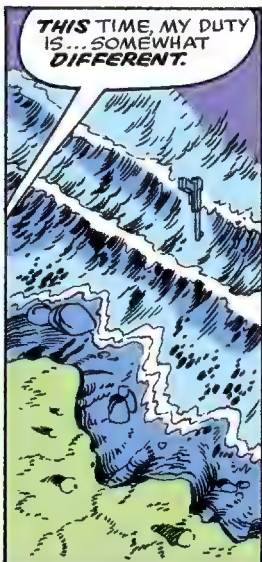
I AM... **PAVANE**.



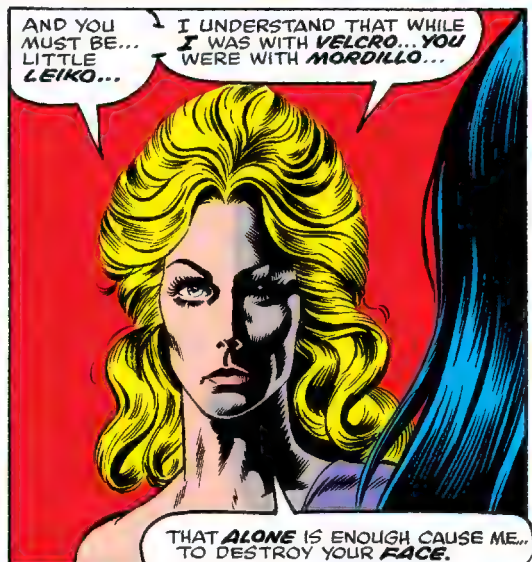
YEAH I **REMEMBER**, LADY -- YOU'RE THE ONE WE PICKED UP WITH **VELCRO'S** SQUAD OF GOONS...



CORRECT. MR. TARR, BUT ONLY BECAUSE I WAS ON A MISSION FOR **MORDILLO**. IT WAS MY **DUTY** TO FAIL...



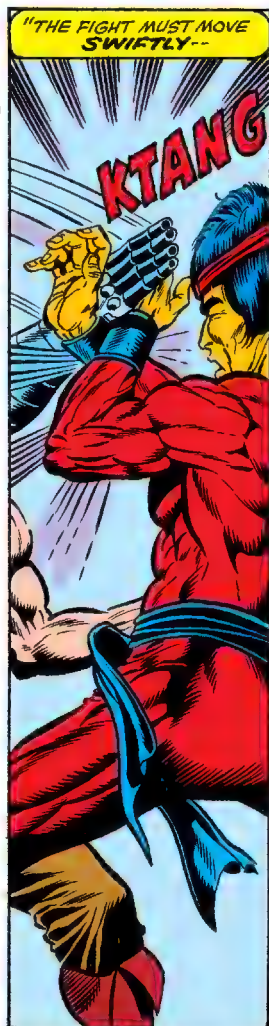
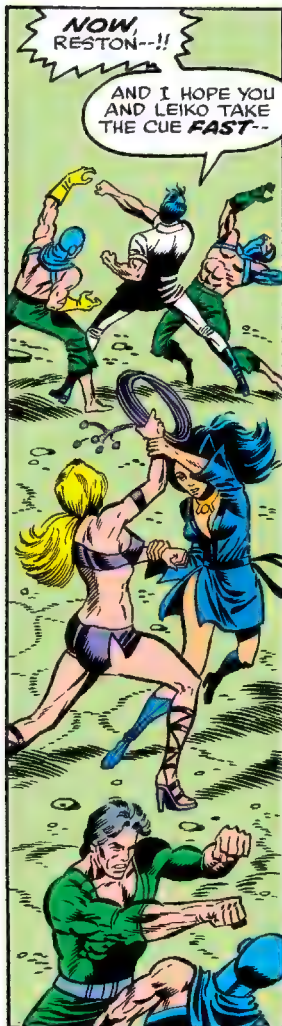
THIS TIME, MY DUTY IS... SOMEWHAT **DIFFERENT**.

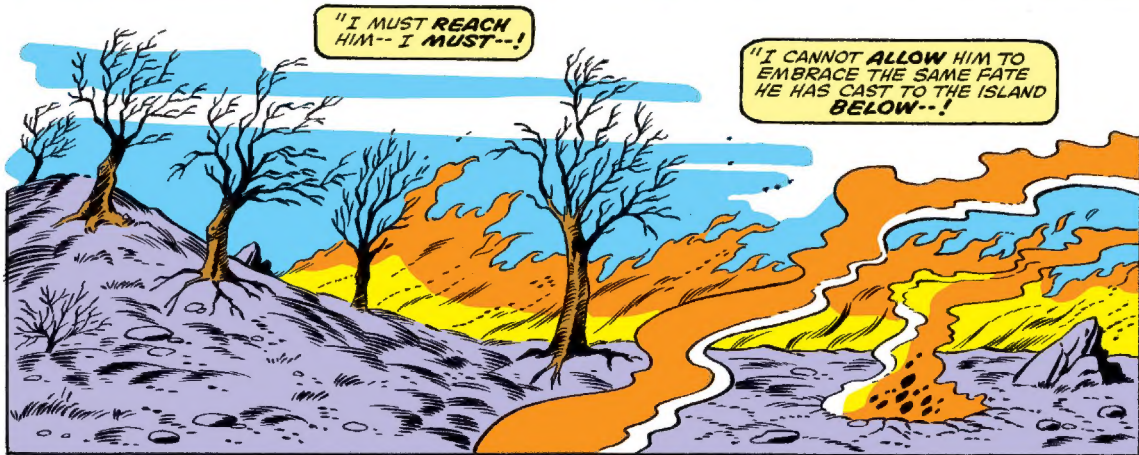
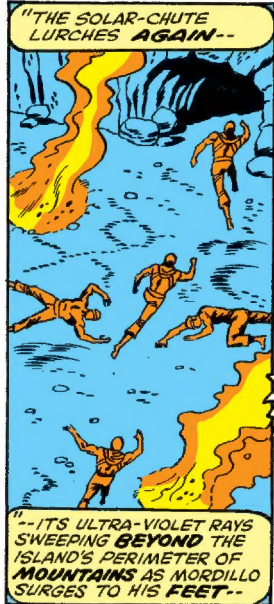
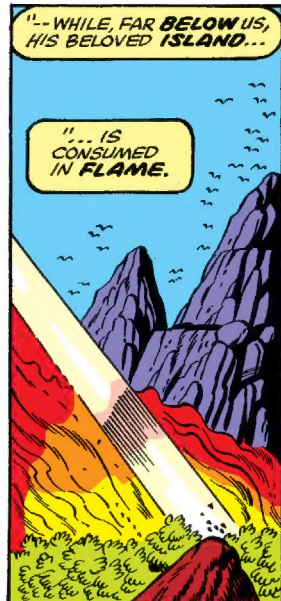
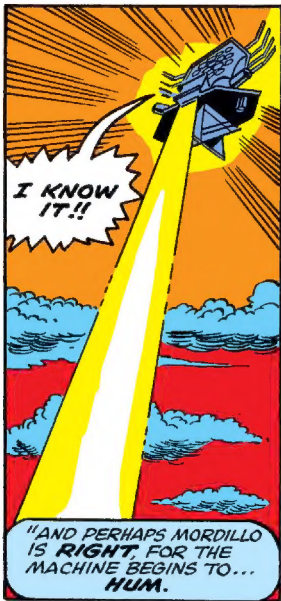


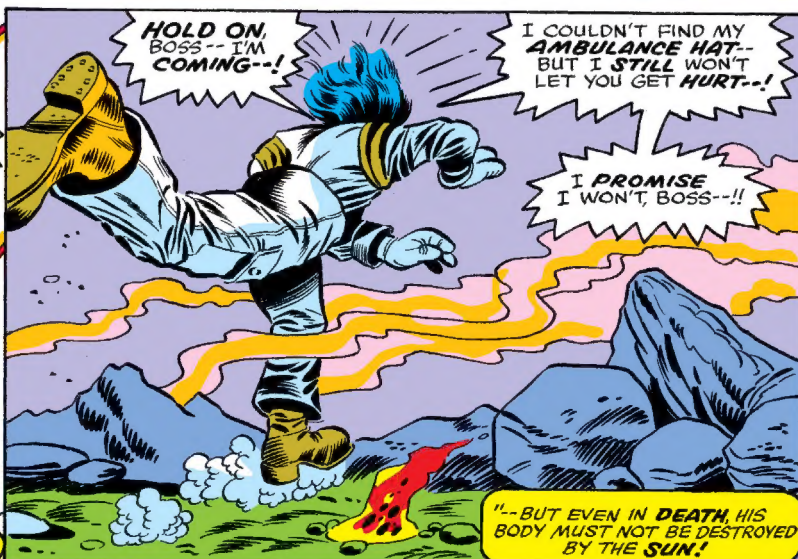
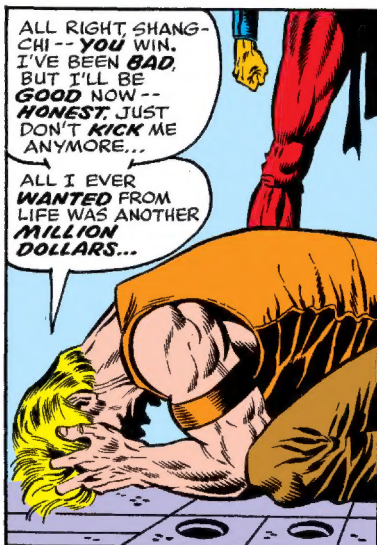
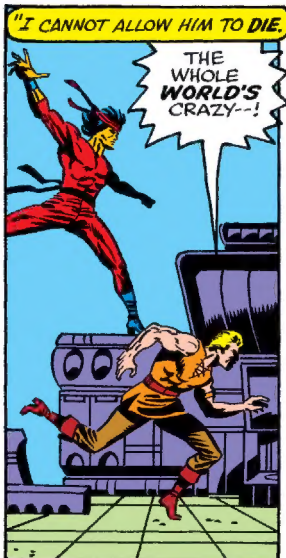
AND YOU MUST BE... LITTLE **LEIKO**...

I UNDERSTAND THAT WHILE **I** WAS WITH **VELCRO**... YOU WERE WITH **MORDILLO**...

THAT **ALONE** IS ENOUGH CAUSE ME... TO DESTROY YOUR **FACE**.







"THE THOUGHT IS UNTHINKABLE--
PERVERTED..."

"...BUT THE CRAFT'S CONTROLS ARE TOO--"

"--COMPLEX."

SKRASH

"TOO LATE TO SAVE MORDILLO'S LIFE OR FLESH--"

"--MY FIST HAS AT LEAST SENT THE SOLAR-CHUTE INTO THE SEA. AND NOW, THE VIEW FROM TARR'S RESCUE SHIP... IS NOT MEANT FOR EYES. AN ISLAND BURNS..."

"...THOUGH THERE IS NO CAUSE TO CURSE THE SUN. PAVANE AND THE OTHERS FROM MORDILLO'S ISLAND HAVE BEEN BROUGHT ABOARD THE SHIP. THUS, ALL LIVES HAVE BEEN SAVED..."

"ALL... BUT ONE..."

DON'T BLAME YOURSELF, SHANG-CHI. IT'S TOO EASY...

"LEIKO MOVES TO EMBRACE ME... TO OFFER ME COMFORT. I SHOULD... REFUSE HER EMBRACE..."

"BUT IT IS NOT WITHIN ME TO DO SO..."

"RATHER, IT IS WITHIN ME TO DO THE OPPOSITE --TO RETURN HER EMBRACE..."

"...TO CONCEDE THAT I AM NOT PERFECT... THAT I AM ONLY A MAN..."

"...CAPABLE OF HURTING ANOTHER MAN."

"PERHAPS IN HIS PAIN, RESTON KNOWS BETTER THAN ANYONE THAT--"

DON'T WORRY, BOSS-- I'LL FIX YA BACK UP...

JUST LET ME CHANGE MY HAT AND YOU'LL SEE, I'LL FIX YA-- I'LL PROVE WE'RE STILL BUDDIES, BOSS... I WON'T LEAVE YA...

...WON'T LEAVE YA...

...WON'T LEAVE YA...

...WON'T LEAVE YA...

"--LOVE... IS STRANGE."

NEXT: CAGES OF MYTH

MISSIVES TO THE MASTER!

56 MARVEL COMICS GROUP, 575 MADISON AVE. N.Y.C. 10022

To Whom It May Concern:

Might I begin this little message (*Editor's note: No.*) by stating that I was impressed by the appearance of Rufus T. Hackstaber in GSMOKF #4, the most recent epistle of Shang-Chi? It takes much to impress me, and if I'm not impressed by a comic I tend to get distressed by a comic. Which is very depressing when stressing the artifacts (*Editor's note: Huh??*) of this letter. After many an issue of somber moods, Doug Moench has switched to what is, without doubt, the most bizarre, offbeat, thrill-packed Shang-Chi epic yet (I seem to have heard that somewhere before, although for the life of me I can't remember where, not that it makes a difference, but indeed does life make a difference, to one who is dead? Or is it a matter of preference of certain Corps?), which only goes to show that humor does have its place in the Marvel Universe (a perfectly depictive adjective). It was an excellent story, and it seems all the characters got their licks in, although not all of them were licked. And even if they were, what difference does it make? Do you care about the holes in Swiss Cheese? Who put them there? Even Shang-Chi got his punch line in, which includes the word pun in it. But my principal reason for writing this letter was to ask one of two questions, while relegating the other query to the second position. 1) Will Rufus T. Hackstaber return? (He and Howard the Duck would make a great team, especially versus Namor and Dr. Doom.) And 2) By any chance, is the opening page a scene looking down from the Marvel offices? Answer these questions and I will be as pleased as punchlines. I'd meant to make this one page, but I seem to have overstepped my limits. For is not the breath of the camel enough to wilt the butterfly? Or is that flutterby?

Live long and pauper,
Elliot P. Flickwhistle
(Mike Perry)
University of Maine
Farmington, ME 04938

The answers to your questions, in order of numbers, will follow right after we take a preparatory sip of sludgy coffee (and we'll spare you the sound effect)...

There. Now: 1) Yes. And-a-2) Sort of.

Dear Doug and Keith,

Yegads! To think my very own brother, Rufus, would consent to reshooting A DAY AT THE RACES and THE RETURN OF FU MANCHU all at the same time is veritably unthinkable. But then he's always been a hack — or is that *in* a hack? — or maybe in the rack? — well, what the hack. I can't hack it as it is, so it might as well go on the hatrack, mac. Say...who was dat guy in the pajamas following my brother around? Which reminds me of the time I shot an elephant in my pajamas. What he was *doing* in my — oh, ya hoid the ending to that one, eh? Well, so did I, and how do I know you ain't the one that hoided the elephant into my pajamas in the foist place? But that's a tail for another time. Come to think of it, an elephant's got a couple of tails — and a taylor too. Where he keeps the taylor I'll never know. I keep mine in a taylor out back, so he can tail along. Which reminds me of the time my wife had a tail put on me — the temerity of that woman — it was

an informal affair and she had me dressed in a tie and tails — nobody else was wearing anything to speak of — and if you had on a monkey suit with a tail stickin' outta the back, you wouldn't speak anything about it either. Back to cases: I remember the time I brought my case before the Supreme Court. What a mistake *that* was — gettin' there before the court did. But they finally came in and demanded to know who my suit was against. I couldn't oblige 'cause it was still at the cleaners — and besides, I wasn't sure it'd fit in the case anyway. So the judge threw me and the suit-case outta court and the whole thing ended with a hung jury. First time I ever heard of the judge sentencing the jury — which oughtta set some kinda legal president, and we ain't had one of them in years. Speakin' of which, you'll hear from my lawyers about this outrage. If not, then I'll hear from yours. And this time the suit'll be legal. Not to mention pressed.

Ralfus P. MacStabber
188 Wilson Drive
Cresskill, NJ 07626

You'll have to supply your own groans, troops — we're too big as it is already. But all we'll say is that this letter is obviously just another attempt to get someone's name in print. And in *this* case, it doesn't seem to matter *whose* name.

Dear Marvel:

I already wrote you *one* letter on this subject (*Editor's note: Sez you!!*), but I decided to write another. After all, two writes don't make a wrong. I am writing to complain about the lack of humor in GSMOKF #4. You certainly get low marks on that one. And speaking of marks, your jokes reminded me more of Karl. You surely remember Karl Marx of the famous comedy team of Marx and Lenin. Marx was the straight man and Lenin told the off-color jokes, which is how he got the nickname "Dirty Lenin." Dirty Lenin could often be found at the race-tracks, where he was bedding. Marx, on the other hand, liked to play with his wonderful toy Asgardian soldiers and his Troll-toys. The Troll-toys wrote WAR AND PEACE, but who wrote Warren Harding? Did you? No, but I'll bet that hasn't stopped you from complaining about teapot domes, you dirty dog!

Richard Nathan
2002 Fourth Street
Santa Monica, CA 90405

So what? We drink coffee anyway. (SCHLUR-R-R-R-R-P!
Ahhhh....)

Dear Sirs:

I just finished reading GSMOKF #4 and all I can say is: Hooray for Douglas Moe-nch, The Marvel Comics writer, The Marvel Comics writer, Hooray, Hooray, Hooray!

(And by the way, the secret word for this issue is "Terrific.")

Bob Ortega
204 El Campo Drive
San Francisco, CA 94080

You said it; we didn't.

And in closing, Rufus would like to thank you all. He'd like to, but he can't; it would go against his principles. In fact, he refuses anything more than an arch sneer of contempt.

Hmph!